

Chapman University

Chapman University Digital Commons

Jack P. Bell Second World War Correspondence
Collection

CAWL Archives: Second World War

5-18-1943

1943-05-18, Evabel to Jack

Evabel Bell

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection

Recommended Citation

Bell, Evabel, "1943-05-18, Evabel to Jack" (1943). *Jack P. Bell Second World War Correspondence Collection*. 189.

https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection/189

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the CAWL Archives: Second World War at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Jack P. Bell Second World War Correspondence Collection by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.

1943-05-18, Evabel to Jack

Keywords

May, 1943; 1943; United States; Camp Butner, N.C.; Elyria, Ohio; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; correspondence; postal service; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; recreation and entertainment; celebration; Cleveland, Ohio; travel; leisure; weather; rainy weather; automobiles; medicine; medical services; swear words; swearing; societies and organizations; humour; humor

Identifier

2014.160.w.r_Bell_worldwartwo_1943-05-18_027

Mrs J. P. Bell
345 - W. River St
Elyria, O.



Post John P. Bell
78th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner,
N.C.

Dearest Darling,

May 18

What an experience we had last night. I must tell you all about it.

You know in yesterdays letter I told you I was going into Cleveland with Ida. Well we went in and it was raining cats & dogs and every thing was fine. I drove her car. You know she is afraid to drive in Cleveland and any way she gave a pint of blood that day and she was still weak. So I said I would drive, and then when we got on to 105th something happened to the gear shift it wanted to go every which way. But I managed to get to Bob's and Ida asked Bob to go down and see what he could do. Well, Bob didn't know anything about it but he said he would fix it as best he could. He thought perhaps we could get home on it

Otherwise I guess we would still be there. And we had to drive home in high gear. We couldn't shift. What a mess. It was 20 minutes to 3 when I got home. But anyway it was some experience. Darling, have I told you in the last 24 how very much I love you. I love you so much that the sun and the moon are such temporary companions to how long my love for you is, my heart beat just for you Sweetheart. Can't you hear clear down there? In other words you are the light of my life, the sun the moon + stars to me. My whole earth revolves around you.

Well, Baby dear, I must get back to work. To-night when I get home I'm going to write my love a

that way. Well we started out for home about a quarter to 11 and I went one block and I couldn't shift gears I couldn't get it to go into any gear it would rasp like hell and that's all. So we parked on 105th right off Superior and Ida went to a drug store and she called a 3A garage. You know she belongs to the Automobile club. And he came down right away and we got towed. Did you ever sit in a car that is being towed? We had the rear end of it up in the air and we were going backwards. I thought we'd split a gut laughing. It's so funny to sit there and watch everything go past backwards. Anyway we got to the garage and the guy looked at it and he said that a pin was missing out of the gear shift. and he didn't have any. Well he finally found something but we wanted to get home so he had to hurry

a real letter ⁴ Just the kind you
like. So you have something to
look forward to.

Love & Kisses to my sweet
little graham cracker boy

Your own
Fink.

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE - EVABEL COLLECTION APRIL 1943 – MAY 1943 #27]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

Mrs. J. P. Bell

345 W. River St.

Elyria, O.

[[Image: Post-mark

stamp, with print text

“ELYRIA / OHIO / 1943”

encircling date:

“MAY 18 / 6 – PM”]]

[[Image: 3-Cent Purple

postage stamp with image

of Thomas Jefferson.]]

Pvt John P. Bell

78 th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78

Camp Butner,

N.C.

[Page 2 – Letter]

May 18

Dearest Darling,

What an experience we had last night. I must tell you all about it.

You know in yesterdays letter I told you I was going into Cleveland with Ida. Well we went in and it was raining cats [&] dogs and every thing was fine. I drove her car. You know she is afraid to drive in Cleveland and any way she gave a pint of blood that day and she was still weak. So I said I would drive, and then when we got on to 105 th something happened to the gear shift it wanted to go every which way. But I managed to get to Bob's and Ida asked Bob to go down and see what he could do. Well, Bob didn't know anything about it but he said he would fix it as best he could. He thought perhaps we could get home on it

[Page 3 – Letter continued]

3/

Otherwise I guess we would still be there. And we had to drive home in high gear. We couldn't shift. What a mess. It was 20 minutes to 3 when I got home. But anyway it was some experience.

Darling, have I told you in the last 24 how very much I love you, I love you so much that the sun and the moon are such temporary compared to how long my love for you is. My heart beat just for you Sweetheart. Can't you hear clear down there? In other words you are the light of my life, the sun the moon [&] stars to me. My whole earth revolves around you.

Well, Baby dear, I must get back to work. To-night when I get home I'm going to write my lover a

2/

that way. Well we started out for home about a quarter to 11 and I went one block and I couldn't shift gears I couldn't get it to go into any gear it would rasp like hell and that's [sic] all. So we parked on 105 th

right off Superior and

Ida went to a drug store and she called a 3A garage. You know she belongs to the Automobile Club. And he came down right away and we got towed.

Did you ever sit in a car that is being towed? He had the rear end of it up in the air and we were going backwards. I thought we'd split a gut laughing. It's so funny to sit there and watch everything go past backwards. Anyway we got to the garage and the guy looked at it and he said that a pin was missing out of the gear shift. And he didn't have any. Well he finally found something but we wanted to get home so he had to hurry

[Page 4 – Letter continued]

4/

a real letter. Just the kind you
like. So you have something to
look forward to.

Love [&] Kisses to my sweet
little graham cracker boy

Your own

Fink.